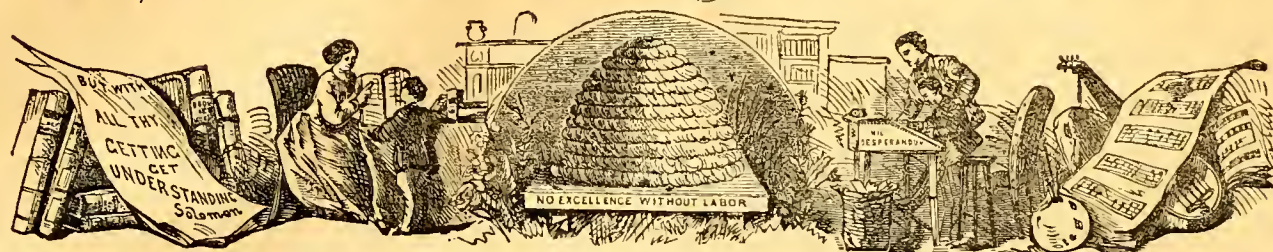


The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 4.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1869.

NO. 3.

EDOM AND THE EDMITES.

IN No. 12 of Volume 3 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR we left our little friends, for a season, on the borders of the Dead Sea, having taken a very pleasant journey with them through various parts of the Holy Land, visiting in our travels Mount Tabor, Samaria—the capital of the ancient kingdom of Israel, Jerusalem with its pools and towers, its holy places and sacred shrines, its mounts and its valleys; parting with them at last by the side of the stagnant waters that now cover the once flourishing cities of the plain.

We now intend to mount our camel once more, and lead them to some few of the many places of interest that lie around us.

How shall it be? Shall we first turn our faces north and visit the valley of the Jordan, Nazareth—the home of Mary the mother of Jesus, Mount Lebanon with its cedars, etc., or shall we journey south into the land where Esau's children dwelt, and, for a short time, ramble

amidst the city hewn in the rocks, once their chief abiding place? As you have been so lately told the story of how Jacob supplanted Esau in his father's blessing, and the facts will be fresh in your memories, we will journey to Edom first. You will remember that after Esau had plead with his father for a long time for some slight share of his blessing, Isaac at last told him, to comfort him, "that his dwelling should be of the fatness of the earth, and of heaven from above, and by his sword should he live, and he should serve his brother, but that,

after a time when he got the dominion, he should break the yoke from off his neck." The dwelling place thus promised him is the land we are about to visit.

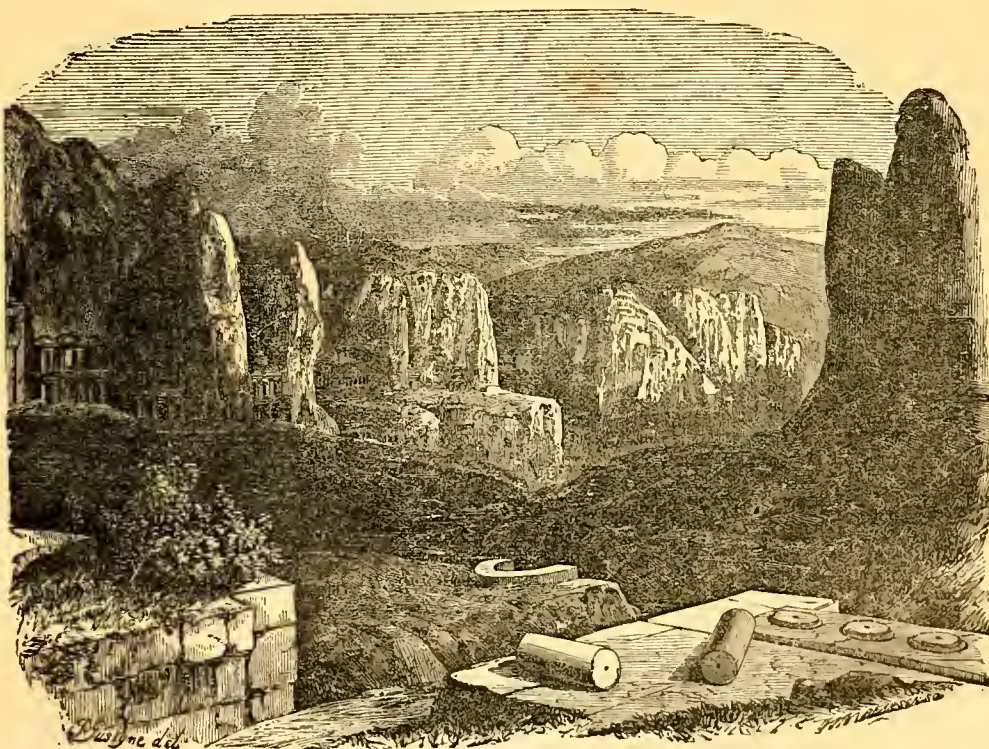
If you will take a map of this portion of the world, you may notice, that between the southern shore of the Dead Sea and the peninsula on which Mount Sinai rears its rugged form at the head of the Red Sea, is a tract of land marked the Wady Arabah. Wady means water course or valley. Such places with us in the Rocky Mountains would generally be called canyons. This spot is the ancient home of Esau, whose borders

extended east almost to the Euphrates and joined the land of Judah on the west.

Job is supposed to have dwelt in this land before the Edomites took possession of it, as his friends, from the names given to them, all appear to have lived in adjoining parts.

The first mention made of this country in the Bible is in Genesis

(xiv chap., 6 verse) where we are told that the Horites in their Mount Seir were smitten by King Chedorlaomer and his allies. This last event took place in the days of the patriarch Abraham, at which time Edom was called by this name, the meaning thereof being rugged or mountainous, and is most fitting to the character of the land. The Horites are supposed by many to have dwelt in caves in the rocks, as the Horem, which they are sometimes called, mean "cave dwellers," whilst Edom means red. This name was given to it when Esau's descend-



ants took possession of the country, from their father being, it is generally supposed, red haired.

When Israel, under Moses, had nearly finished their forty years' wandering in the wilderness they camped for a season at Kadesh-barnea, on the borders of Edom, desiring to pass through Mount Seir on their way to the eastern side of the river Jordan. Then Moses sent messengers to the Edomitish king, asking permission to pass through his territory, promising that nothing should be injured by the Hebrews in their passage. This favor was refused with threats of war and the assembling of the warriors of Edom. Wherefore the Israelites turned away and wended their journey southward, and camped for a short time on the western sides of Mount Hor (yet still on the borders of Edom.) Here Aaron, their high priest, was taken from them, and they saw his face no more, and the people passed around their churlish kinsmen's lands to the eastern border and then pressed northward to Jordan.

About three hundred and fifty years after this we read of a successful war being prosecuted by Saul, king of Israel, against Edom, and in the next reign, David's general, Abishai, "slew of the Edomites in the valley of Salt eighteen thousand. And he put garrisons in Edom and all the Edomites became David's servants." Thus were fulfilled the words of Isaac: "Thou shalt serve thy brother."

Late in the reign of Jehoshaphat the Edomites rebelled, and, accompanied by the Moabites and Ammonites, invaded Judea, but signally failed. The end of this expedition is worthy the attention of all who seek to destroy the Israel of God.

The invaders had reached Engedi, on the Dead Sea, and were preparing to push forward into the hill country of Judah, when Jehoshaphat gathered his people and proclaimed a fast throughout all his kingdom. He then went into the house of the Lord and called upon Him for succor and protection. "And all Judah stood before the Lord with their little ones, their wives and their children" pleading for mercy and divine aid.

Then upon Jahaziel, a Levite, in the midst of this vast congregation came the Spirit of the Lord, and he cried, "Hearken ye, all Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem, and thou, King Jehoshaphat. Thus saith the Lord unto you: be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of the great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's. To-morrow go ye down against them, behold they come up by the cliff of Ziz. * * * Ye shall not need to fight in this battle: set yourselves, stand ye still and see the salvation of the Lord with you, O Judah and Jerusalem, fear not, nor be dismayed, to-morrow go out against them, for the Lord will be with you." Then Jehoshaphat and all his people bowed in worship before their God.

The next morning the people rose early, and started to meet their enemies. And the king, full of faith, to further encourage the hearts of his subjects, cried out, as they went forth, "Hear me, O Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem, believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established: believe in His prophets, so shall ye prosper." A truth as applicable to all the world in every age, as it was to Judah and Jerusalem on that memorable day. Then the sweet singers of the nation hastened before the army singing, "Praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever."

At that time the Lord began to fight the battle. It was not by the storm nor the tempest, the earthquake nor the fierce lightning, neither by famine nor by pestilence that he accomplished this work. But He filled the hearts of the Edomites and their allies with hatred to such an extent towards each other, that they quarrelled and fought one with another. So that when the children of Judah arrived there was no need for them to fight, they had none to contend with; their enemies had all destroyed each other. Thus the fear of the Lord fell upon the nations who served not God, while Judah rejoiced abundantly.

We will continue the history of Edom in our next, and give a passing glance at its capital Petra, the stony, a view of which we present with this article.

G. R.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Little George.

A TRUE STORY—SECOND PART.

HIS SCALDED LEG, AND HOW IT GOT BETTER.

MY dear little readers: the time has come for us again to follow the fortunes and mishaps of little George.

Before we do so it may not be amiss to note that the year 1868, like a poor, worn out old man, has put on its night cap of snow and bade us all good night forever, and to the great family of centuries (a century means a hundred years) we are making welcome a new born year, 1869, from the womb of eternity with feasting and great rejoicing.

It has always been common in the great cities of the world ever since Uncle George was a little boy, and long before, for friends to wish each other a happy new year and make presents; according to that very old custom Uncle George now wishes all his little friends in Utah, and everywhere else, a happy new year, plenty of good things to eat, new and gay clothing to wear, pretty toys to play with, and happy faces to greet them merrily with all the good wishes of the season.

In No. 8, Vol. 3, of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, we left little George in the midst of a great misfortune. In trying to please his kind mistress one day when she was from home, by cleaning up her parlor, he had scalded his leg so badly that he could not walk for sometime.

Now, to get his leg better he had to sit still, and confinement was a new thing to him, for he did not remember the day that he could not run, walk or jump as he pleased. He felt very impatient at first, and every chance he had he got down out of his chair to try to walk on his sore leg, which made it worse. His mistress scolded him for doing so, which she did for his own good, and then he sat and cried for hours, not so much because his leg hurt him, as that he had to be still to have it get better. And he thought about the kind lady, and about his little sister, about his poor-house home and friends, and often wished he was in heaven with the little cripple boy. Thus he grieved and fretted.

He often got near to the parlor window to sit and look out of doors, and then he thought he was living in a cage like the little bird he had bought a day or two before, and wished that some kind person would come and let him go free as he had the poor bullfinch.

His mistress waited on him faithfully and kindly, and when fits of restlessness and impatience were not upon him, he felt how good she was to him, and thanked her in his heart. She got the new acquaintance to carry him up stairs to bed at night; she let him sleep in her room till his leg got better, and he was carried down stairs in the morning. To amuse him she taught him to read short lessons, and to spell little words when she had time. To amuse himself, when he was in a good temper, he counted all the things on the mantle-piece, all the furniture in the room, the panes of glass in the window, and the flagstones in the floor. As to the buttons on his clothes he knew each one, how many buttons, and exactly how many button holes it took for a little suit of boy's clothes. He also amused himself

much with the cat; she was almost his constant companion. He knew exactly how many toes and toe nails she had on each foot. He tried one day to count the long hairs in her whiskers, but pussey would not have them counted; she bit his fingers and rebelled so, he had to give it up.

In about two weeks the wound on his leg had so far healed that he was permitted to walk about a little in the house leaning on one of his master's walking sticks, and in a few days more he might go into the yard behind the house, and then in a few days more through the front door into the street for a short time.

His close confinement to the house had taken away much of his former healthy and robust appearance; his free spirit had received a check, and he had learned to become a little more thoughtful and a little less wild. He had often promised himself that when he got better he would be a much better boy. This was one good which he had received by being scalded. There was also another good which grew out of it, he had become more endeared to his friends in his new home, for by constantly waiting on him, hearing his little complaints, and trying to comfort him they had learned to love him as their own boy.

He now got better very fast, and one day made out to go up stairs into the shoemaker's shop. His friends up stairs were very glad to see him, inviting him to take a seat on the old shoemaker's bench on which he first tried to make a thread, and sew a shoe top. He was delighted. The old dingy shop looked to him bright and cheerful. He even had no more dislike to the dirty shop tub, where in disgust, a few days before, he had mingled his tears with its dark waters. In fact the rattling and smoking, and hammering, and busy working with knife, awl, "taching end" and leather was such a change from the quiet kitchen below where he had sat so many hours alone, that he wanted to clap his hands with joy, and was ready, even then, to go to work.

A few days more and our little hero was nearly quite better and at work with a right good will, feeling more happy and contented in his new place, and at his new employment, than he had ever done before. In many ways he had gained real advantages through being scalded, for like many such visitations to boys and girls, and men and women, it proved to him a real blessing in disguise.

UNCLE GEORGE.

(To be Continued.)

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Little Willie,

CHAPTER V.

SOON after Willie's arrival at home the president of the branch in which he resided requested him to spend a few hours each Sabbath distributing tracts in the neighborhood of his father's residence. He labored in this way about two years. Some persons treated him very kindly, others forbade him coming to their houses, and when they spoke to him they used very abusive language and refused to read the tracts or listen to anything about the Latter-day Saints. Willie was also annoyed by some boys who had formerly been his playmates. They would follow him around the streets, laughing and pointing their fingers at him. They called him religious, and said anything that they thought would plague him. Those wicked

boys soon discovered that Willie was determined to continue his labor and take no notice of them. When they became fully aware of Willie's determination, and the strength of his resolution they no longer sought to annoy him.

Willie was now sixteen years old. His father again gave him permission to visit his Aunt Mable, and his other friends in Wensley Dale. He anticipated a very pleasant visit, and he did receive a very agreeable welcome from his friends. But he had not been there long, before he received a letter from home which had been delayed two or three days. This letter bore Willie some very sad tidings. It told that his father was very sick, and contained a request from his mother, to return home as speedily as possible.

Willie felt very sorrowful, and did not know what to do. It was now night, and the first part of his journey for twenty miles was over a wild moor. Influenced by the counsel of his friends he concluded not to start for home till the following morning. He then retired to his bedroom, kneeled at his bedside, and in great earnestness prayed for his father's recovery. There seemed to be a dark cloud over him. His mind was ill at rest, and in vain his eyes sought to close in sleep.

The clock struck three. Willie had passed a sleepless night. Day was beginning to dawn. He rose from his bed, tried to eat a little bread and cheese, but he had no appetite.

At four o'clock he was on his way. The morning was beautiful, and the flowers were opening in welcome to the first appearing of the sun. The birds sang sweetly. The mowers were whetting their scythes, and their merry laugh rang through the valley. But Willie traveled along as though he saw not the beauties of the morning, the gentle flowers, or heard the song of the birds, or the gay laugh of the merry haymakers.

In the afternoon he arrived at home. On entering the house his heart was touched with grief more bitter, and deeper than any that he had ever before felt. His mother and sisters were in tears, weeping as if their hearts would break. He looked around for his father, but he was not to be seen. The worst of apprehensions rushed through his mind. For sometime no one spoke a word. At last Willie's eldest sister said: "Willie, father is dead. The funeral took place yesterday and we are now left in the world alone." Willie now stood almost motionless. The words that had just fallen upon his ear chilled his very soul. The thought that he would never see his father again in this life seemed to be more than he could bear.

While Willie gazed upon the scene before him, grief choked his utterance. The thought occurred to him that he must now try to comfort his mother in her great affliction. He felt that he could speak, and he told his mother to be comforted; that he would try to be a dutiful son, and endeavor to the utmost of his ability to fill the place of his honored father; that God had permitted this dreadful trial to come upon them, and that it now became their duty to acknowledge the hand of an all-wise Providence even in this deep distress.

Willie had an elder brother who some years before had emigrated to Nauvoo, and he now, being the eldest son at home, took charge of his father's business.

The widowed mother felt proud of her son, and looked upon him as a gift from God, and as a prop in her declining years.

Willie's eldest sister was a noble hearted girl. She entertained no thought that conflicted with her mother's wishes; and she shrank from no labor that would tend to comfort her fond and afflicted parent.

W. W. B.

(To be Continued.)

The boy who frequently puts off until to-morrow what he should do to-day is in danger of forming a habit that will be a hindrance to success in all his after life.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1869.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SOME boys readily fall into the habit of using bad language. They have very quick memories for cant and vulgar expressions. If they hear them but once, they remember them with facility, and if they are not careful, they use them almost before they are aware of what they are saying. Boys are not the only ones who are thus inclined. If Indians, or other degraded races, mix with bad white men, the first words they generally learn are those which express bad feelings. They curse and swear and use other low, vulgar expressions, and these seem to come quite easy to them. Man is an imitative creature. If he hears proper language and sees good examples, he is apt to imitate them; and so, also, if he sees and hears the opposite. But no person is justified in speaking improperly, or in doing wrong because others do so. Boys should watch and never allow themselves to utter bad language in any form. If they were alone in the midst of a desert, with no eye to see or ears to hear but God's, they should not speak improperly. They degrade and defile themselves by so doing, and the effect is lasting. We have met with the following extract upon this subject, the sentiments of which please us so much that we gladly republish them. They are true, and we commend them to our readers:

"We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not strictly proper. Use no profane expression, allude to no sentence that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may not be obliterated from your heart. When you grow up you will find at the tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. It was once used when you were quite young. By being careful, you will save yourself a deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it after restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends and stated that they had learned and repeated the expression, in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken bad words, they had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this when you are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves."

WE are pleased to learn of the progress being made by the Sunday schools throughout the Territory. The people generally are making rapid strides towards improvement in this respect. The reward tickets and books procured by many schools prove great incentives to the children, to punctual and regular attendance and diligent study; and we learn with pleasure that the superintendents and teachers of Sunday schools generally are adopting this mode of inducing the children to learn.

By letter from Bro. Geo. Farnsworth, of Mt. Pleasant, we learn that an examination of their Sunday school was to take

place on Friday the 15th. He says: "Our Sunday school is steadily progressing, numbers increasing every Sunday, and the teachers are energetic. The tickets we sent for give much satisfaction and I hope we shall be able to send for more before long."

WE gladly welcome Little George once more to our columns. Numerous have been the inquiries about him. The JUVENILES had learned to love him, and took great interest in his history. They will be delighted to read about him again. Uncle George has been in such a position that he had to withhold Little George for awhile. He now hopes to be able to furnish a chapter each number. We trust he will be able to do so.

BREAD AND MILK.

ONE morning Johnny (for that was his real name) came to the breakfast table and boldly said that he would not eat bread and milk that morning.

"Very well, Johnny," said his mother quietly, and without raising her voice, "I'll set it on this high shelf. You can run off to school."

This run was along a good piece of road, and then a short time through a wood, which gave John ample time to call up his temper and strengthen his desire not to give in.

Accordingly, on his return, he was all ready to assert the dignity of boyhood, and when he drew up to the table and saw the bread and milk set before him, he felt nerved to any wicked course, and decided not to give in.

"Very well, Johnny," was the mother's calm remark, "I'll set it on the high shelf till you want it;" and a firm wave of the hand sent him from the table, and in due time he was bidden by an authority he could not resist, to run off to school.

That run was not so spirited as the morning run had been. He felt "dreadfully hollow," and had no relish for his usual sport of pretending to be chased by a bear, climbing, in fancied terror, a tree, running out on its branches, and dropping to the ground, only to gain another tree and act the same feat.

On the contrary, he felt as if he would give up. He knew his mother never would, and admitted to himself that he should be glad of that bowl of bread and milk; and when he came dragging home at night, and the bowl was lifted down from the high shelf, without a word of threatening or reproach, he pretty well understood the force of calm and firm authority.

Feeling well assured that he never would eat anything else until he had swallowed that oft-presented and oft-refused bread and milk, he just took to it as quietly as it was offered, and ate it. And after that he never set up his will in defiance of his mother's. I saw the tears of fond love gather in his eyes as he said:

"My mother was a woman of good judgment, and I love to think how she made me obey her."

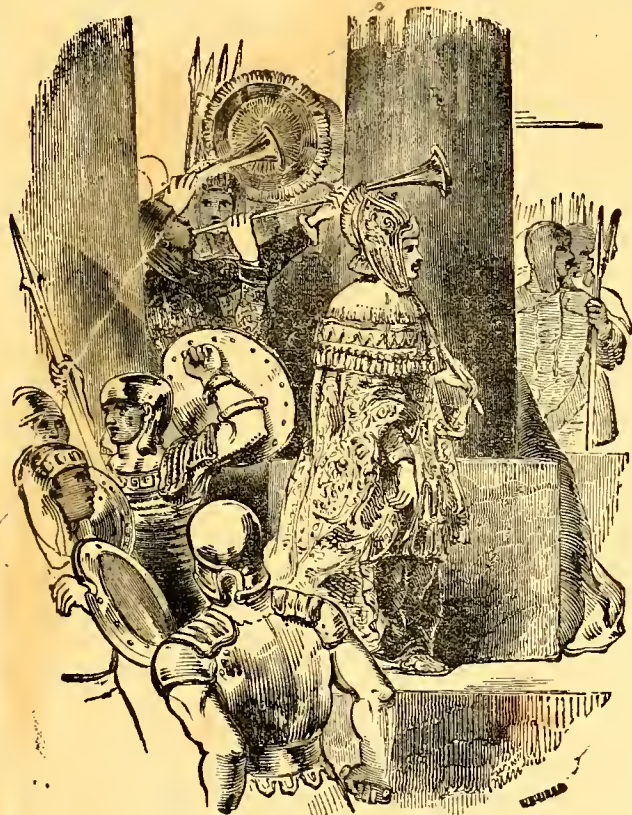
It is such mothers whom their sons delight to honor.—*Selected.*

GOODNESS.—The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to all around us, is the purest and sublimest that can ever enter the human mind, and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. Next to the consolations of Divine grace, it is the most sovereign balm to the miseries of life, both in him who is the object of it, and in him who exercises it; and it will not only soothe and tranquilize a troubled spirit, but inspire a constant flow of good-humor, content, and gaiety of heart.

NEVER be afraid of doing little because you cannot do much.

JOSEPH PROCLAIMED THE KING'S MINISTER.

AFTER Joseph had heard the king's dreams, he replied, "The dream of Pharaoh is one: God hath showed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good cows are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years: the dream is one. And the seven thin and ill-favored cows that came up after them are seven years; and the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind shall be seven years of famine. This is the thing which I have spoken unto Pharaoh: what God is about to do he sheweth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt; and there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt, and the famine shall consume the land: and the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine following; for it shall be very grievous. And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice; it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass."



After interpreting the dream Joseph proposed a plan to the king by following which the land should be saved from the effects of the great famine. He suggested that Pharaoh select a man, discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt; and then appoint officers over the land, whose duty it should be to gather the fifth part of the produce of the land during the seven years of plenty and store it up for the king, so that when famine should come the king would have food for his people.

The suggestions of Joseph pleased the king and his servants; and the king asked them if they could find such a man as Joseph, a man in whom the Spirit of God dwelt. He then told Joseph that forasmuch as God had showed him all this, there was none so discreet and wise as he, and he should be over his (Pharaoh's) house, and according to his word should all Pharaoh's people be ruled, only in the throne should Pha-

raoh be greater than he. He set him over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh took his ring from his hand and put it on Joseph's hand, and dressed him in fine linen clothes and put a gold chain on his neck. He made him ride in the second chariot he had; and they cried before him: "Bow the knee," and thus he became ruler over Egypt. He gave him a wife also. Her name was Asenath, and she was the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On.

The engraving which we herewith give is intended to represent Joseph being proclaimed the ruler over Egypt. He is clothed in robes of royalty, and in his left hand he has a scepter.

Joseph was but thirty years old when he was made ruler by Pharaoh—a young man for those days when men lived so much longer than they do now. From being a slave and the inmate of a dungeon he was raised to the highest position of trust and honor in the great kingdom of Egypt. He stood on the steps of the throne, and was all but a king. His history is one of the most remarkable ever written. We shall write more particulars about him in future numbers. But we wish you now to fully understand that Joseph's prosperity was the result of his faith in God and his unyielding virtue. If he had not been a boy of faith and knowledge, his brothers would not have been jealous of him and sold him. Then when carried into Egypt, and made the chief man in Potiphar's house, he would have sunk into insignificance and contempt, and been of no more importance than a chief slave in his household, if he had yielded to Potiphar's wife. Many boys would have thought it better to have bent to circumstances and been like their brothers, even if they had done wrong, than to have incurred their anger. If they had been in Joseph's place in Potiphar's house, they would have thought it better to have complied with his wife's wishes than to have made her angry. But Joseph was governed by principle; he was a faithful, true boy; he grew up to be a virtuous, honorable man. Though it seemed that misfortune followed him because he tried to do right, yet he knew that God would bring him through in safety, and that he would overrule all things for his good. And he was not disappointed.

Remember it, children. Never let it be forgotten by you, that God will deliver and bless you, and eventually crown you with honor in His presence, if you walk in purity and in truth before Him and never fail in keeping His commandments.

TWENTY YEARS AGO. A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER III.

IT was customary with us, in spreading our beds on the ground of an evening, to place our riding and pack saddles at our heads. I think it was the first morning after we left Provo that when I arose I found the coyotes had been at work during the night at my pack saddle. They had gnawed and carried off the raw hide straps with which I fastened it. This was on Peteetneet Creek, where Payson now stands. These creatures were very numerous through that country at that time; but I scarcely thought they would be so daring as to come into camp and commit their depredations. We had a guard; but it is probable that Mr. Coyote had noticed that they were either asleep or engaged in attending to the animals. I knew I was a sound sleeper, loud thunder often failing to awake me, but after that occurrence I had a much higher opinion than before of the sleeping qualities of my bedfellow, as their gnawing had not disturbed him.

Nothing of importance occurred to us in traveling through Juab, Round and Pautan valleys. I found before we had left home many days that I had not enough clothing for my com-

fort. By some means I had got the idea that in traveling on this southern route the weather would be so warm that we would need but little clothing, and to make my pack as light as possible I had not brought much with me. This was partly true after we crossed the rim of the Basin; but I learned then, as I have had occasion to remark many times since, that in this mountainous country every person who travels should go prepared with clothing for cold weather.

When we reached what is now known as Beaver Creek, and on which the settlement of Beaver is now built, we found a stake with Brother Charles C. Rich's name upon it, and marked "208 miles from Great Salt Lake City." Our trail lay across the creek; but Brother Rich had written on the stake for us to keep down the creek.

Brother Rich was traveling with three Elders who had been appointed on missions to the Society Islands. Their names were Addison Pratt, James S. Brown and Hiram H. Blackwell; Francis M. Pomeroy was also with Brother Rich. They were going through with wagons, and they had traveled in the company of a large number of gold-seekers. These latter had reached Great Salt Lake Valley too late in the season to go through to California in safety by the northern route. But they could not content themselves to spend the winter in this valley, when there was so much gold in California waiting to be dug by them. So they resolved to hire a guide, and go through by the southern route, or as it was then called, the Spanish Trail.

Captain Jefferson Hunt was the most suitable man they could get to be their guide. He was recommended to them by President Young, and they employed him. He was the senior captain in the "Mormon Battalion," and when that body was discharged he came to the Valley by this southern route, and was, therefore, familiar with it. This company started from the city several days ahead of us. Before leaving the city an odometer had been put in the wagon in which Brother A. Pratt and the other brethren traveled. This is an instrument fastened to the wheel of a carriage or wagon by which the distance traveled can be measured by counting the number of times the wheel turns. Every ten miles they had placed stakes, on which the distance was marked. It was on one of these stakes that we found Brother Rich's name written at Beaver with directions to keep down the creek.

I have not been down the Beaver since the time of which I write; but we found it a beautiful stream, tolerably wide and rapid. We traveled down the creek, through the canyon and crossed the stream four times and came out into a valley. We could see the wagons some distance ahead. We found fine feed and we camped for the night about a mile and a half from the creek. Our animals being in excellent feed we did not start very early the next morning. There is a settlement called Minersville on the Beaver, and I think that we camped somewhere near where it now stands. After traveling about two miles from our camp ground we met a number of men returning from the wagons. They told us there was no water ahead and the wagons were returning. Captain Hunt had started the previous evening on horseback, had been out all night searching for water, but without success, and had returned completely exhausted. Upon hearing this news we turned down to the creek, unpacked and concluded to remain the day, or until we could see General Rich, who was with the wagons.

Brother J. H. Rollins and another of the boys had gone to find Brother Rich. Shortly after we had camped these brethren returned, bringing with them Brothers Rich, Pomeroy and Brown. The meeting was a joyful one. They were as glad to see us as we were to see them. They, with Brothers Pratt and Blackwell and Captain Hunt, were the only Latter-day Saints in the company, and they did not like the society with which they had to mix.

From what I saw of the company they were traveling companions from whom I should have separated as soon as possible. Some of them were rough, swearing men, and when we met them returning they did not appear to advantage nor impress us favorably. They were not all, however, of this kind. I now number among my most intimate friends one who was in that company. He was but a boy at that time, but he has since traveled extensively as an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and has been the means, in the hands of God, of doing much good.

From General Rich we learned the cause of the stoppage and turning back of the company. Captain Hunt had been told that by keeping down Beaver Creek, and then striking across to the left, a shorter and better route could be found than by passing through Little Salt Lake Valley. He had told this to the officers of the company, who were formed into a council at the start under the title of a Grand Council. He said if they chose to take the responsibility of going this route, he would do what he could to pilot them through; but he knew nothing about it himself, only what he had been told. They resolved to go the new route, and in case of failure, Captain Hunt was to be clear of all blame. We were pleased to hear this explanation, as we had been afraid that the Captain, as pilot, might be brought under censure for leaving the regular trail.

Up to this time I had never known much about organizations among outsiders. My experience had been confined to the Church. I naturally enough, therefore, took notice of what I saw in this company with which we had met. The contrast between their Grand Council and the Councils held among Latter-day Saints struck me. Our people never murmured against authority; but they honored and obeyed those who were placed to lead and govern. Not so this company. We found many who spoke out loudly in condemnation of their Grand Council for leading them on that route, and they cursed and swore about them in round terms. It was very plain to be seen that they were full of discord, and I did not think they would go to California without splitting up. The stragglers from this company kept coming all day on to the creek where we were.

(To be Continued)

THE STORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Selected from Jacob Abbott's Writings.

[CONTINUED.]

ONE of the worst periods of privation and suffering that the American army endured was while the British soldiers were driving them through New Jersey in the fall and early in the winter after they took possession of New York. General Washington was obliged to retreat, for his army was so inferior to that of his enemies that to fight them would have been certain destruction. He was driven, therefore, from river to river, and from town to town, his army growing more and more destitute and wretched every day, until they were all reduced to the extremity of suffering and despair. The English came on, following them every where triumphant. The inhabitants of that part of the country became entirely discouraged. It was useless, they said, to contend against so powerful a foe, and many of them signified to General Howe their willingness to submit. At last, Washington reached the banks of the Delaware at Trenton. He made all haste to get across the river. So narrow was his escape that the van of the English army began to enter the town before the rear of Washington's army had entirely left it. The English, being satisfied for the present with this success, took possession of Trenton, and

quartered themselves comfortably in the houses, to rest for a time, while Washington, with his half-frozen and half-famished followers were driven into the woods and fields to seek such shelter from the cold December storms as tents and huts could afford them.

Congress was greatly alarmed. They expected that the British would now cross the Delaware themselves, and come down upon them at Philadelphia. There was nobody that could protect them.

But the aspect of things was all at once changed by a most unexpected and extraordinary feat performed by Washington and his army, which has since been greatly distinguished in history as one of the most remarkable events of the Revolution.

In order that you may understand what this achievement was. I must explain the circumstances of the case more fully.

It was in the month of December when the Americans were driven across the Delaware, and the British concluded, as has already been said, that they would wait a little while before they pursued them. The ice was beginning to form in the river, and it was dangerous to attempt to cross it with a large body of men. They concluded to wait, therefore, until the river should be frozen entirely, and then they thought they could march over on the ice. In the meantime, they thought that the American army would be gradually wasting away by hunger, cold, and exposure, while they themselves were all resting from their fatigues in the warm and comfortable houses of Trenton.

Washington waited a fortnight, and then he conceived the design of secretly crossing the river in the night with all his army, and surprising that part of the British army that remained in Trenton. This plan he carried into effect. He chose the night of Christmas for the time, thinking that the British officers and soldiers would be engaged that night in festivities and carousals, and that they would be, therefore, the more easily and completely surprised. Accordingly, on Christmas day, he took all the men that he could muster, and twenty pieces of cannon, and marched up the river about eight miles to a place where he thought he could cross without being observed by any of the British sentinels or scouts. It was a cold and gloomy night, and the river was full of floating ice. The men, however, crossed in safety, and then marched down the bank to Trenton. They arrived there very early in the morning, and took the British entirely by surprise. A terrible combat ensued in the streets and in the outskirts of the town. The Americans gained a complete victory. The officer who had been left in command at Trenton was killed, and almost all his men were taken prisoners. That evening Washington went back again across the river, carrying all his prisoners with him, and thus reached a place of safety before the British had time to bring up the rest of their troops, which had been quartered at different towns in the vicinity.

Almost immediately afterward, too, the British were attacked by Washington in a similar manner in several other unexpected quarters; and so successful were these bold operations, that the tide of victory was entirely turned against them, and in the end they were driven back again to New York, and their plan of reaching and taking possession of Philadelphia in this way was entirely defeated.

The British officers were thunderstruck at this sudden change in the aspect of affairs. The news of these successes spread every where throughout the country, and produced the greatest excitement. Bells were rung, cannons were fired, and all the towns and villages in the land were enlivened with bonfires and illuminations. The people were awakened to new enthusiasm in the cause of the Revolution. It was possible to conquer, after all, they found, and great multitudes of new men came to join the army.

The American army, however, passed through many periods of great discouragement and suffering after this, and many long and weary years passed before they gained the final victory.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



DURING Joseph's absence several Pottawamie chiefs came to Nauvoo to see him. They had a "talk" with some of the brethren; they had but little to say, however, as they wanted to see the great prophet. Joseph's fame had spread considerably among the surrounding Indian tribes. Many of them had heard of the great white prophet, of his people, and the manner in which he and they had been treated by their fellow-citizens. The Spirit of the Lord inclined their hearts to look favorably upon the Saints. The Indians were in many respects a suffering race. From the borders of the great ocean on the east they had gradually receded before the white people. Their old hunting grounds, their villages, the burial places of their fathers had all been occupied by the white man; the occasional name of a creek, a river, a city, or a county or State was all that remained to designate the places which they had once possessed. They could sympathize with the Saints in their difficulties, and their feelings were kindly towards them. And the Book of Mormon had taught the Saints to look upon the Indians as the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; and instead of trespassing upon their rights and persecuting and killing them, they respected their claims and treated them as human beings.

On the 2nd of July, 1843, after his trial and discharge, Joseph, in company with several of the Twelve and other elders, met with these Indian chiefs. They were particular in inquiring of Joseph whether those present were his friends; the Indian orator then spoke as follows:

"We as a people have long been distressed and oppressed. We have been driven from our lands many times. We have been wasted away by wars, until there are but few of us left. The white man has hated us and shed our blood, until it has appeared as though there would soon be no Indian left. We have talked with the Great Spirit and the Great Spirit has talked with us. We have asked the Great Spirit to save us and let us live; and the Great Spirit has told us that he had raised up a great Prophet, chief, and friend, who would do us great good and tell us what to do; and the Great Spirit has told us that you are the man (pointing to the Prophet Joseph). We have now come a great way to see you, and hear your words, and to have you tell us what to do. Our horses are poor traveling, and we are hungry. We will now wait and hear your words."

The Spirit of God rested upon the Lamanites, especially the orator. Joseph was much affected and shed tears. He arose and said unto them:

"I have heard your words. They are true. The Great Spirit has told you the truth. I am your friend and brother, and I wish to do you good. Your fathers were once a great people. They worshiped the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit did them

good. He was their friend; but they left the Great Spirit, and would not hear his words or keep them. The Great Spirit left them, and they began to kill one another, and they have been poor and afflicted until now.

"The Great Spirit has given me a book, and told me that you would be blessed again. The Great Spirit will soon begin to talk with you and your children. This is the book which your fathers made. I wrote upon it (showing them the Book of Mormon). This tells me what you will have to do. I now want you to begin to pray to the Great Spirit. I want you to make peace with one another, and do not kill any more Indians; it is not good. Do not kill white men; it is not good; but ask the Great Spirit for what you want, and it will not be long before the Great Spirit will bless you, and you will cultivate the earth and build good houses, like white men. We will give you something to eat and to take home with you."

When the Prophet's words were interpreted to the chiefs, they all said they were good.

At the close of the interview, Joseph had an ox killed for them, and they were furnished with some more horses, and they went home satisfied and contented.

On the evening of the day that Joseph had the interview with the Indians the *Maid of Iowa* reached Nauvoo from her trip up the Illinois river in search of Joseph. You recollect that when Brother Wm. Clayton brought tidings to Nauvoo of the arrest of Joseph a company of men started on the steamboat *Maid of Iowa* to go down the Mississippi and up the Illinois rivers. It was thought that his captors might attempt to carry him to the Illinois river, place him on board a steamboat and thus run him into Missouri. They kept a strict lookout for steamboats, and went up the Illinois river as far as Peru, where they met an express sent by General Rich, by whom they were instructed to return to Quincy. Just after leaving Quincy they were met by two men in a skiff, who brought the news that Joseph had reached Nauvoo. They were relieved and overjoyed at the tidings, and after reaching Nauvoo, they formed into a hollow square and Joseph related to them the particulars of his arrest and deliverance; he then blessed and dismissed them.

Under the direction of Joseph the Twelve Apostles called a Special Conference, July 3rd, 1843, to choose Elders to go into the different counties of Illinois to preach the gospel and disabuse the public mind with regard to his arrest. Eighty-two Elders were called to go to the various counties of Illinois. About noon on that same day General C. C. Rich, with a company of twenty-five men, returned from their trip in search of Joseph and his captors. They had made one of the most rapid and fatiguing marches that is on record, having traveled about five hundred miles in seven days with the same horses, and in very hot weather.

There were many incidents which occurred on the trip, one only we will relate, as from it our readers can gather an idea of the way some people, professedly religious, apply a salve to their consciences for working on the Sabbath.

It was early in the morning of the day previous to their reaching Nauvoo that Jesse B. Nichols went into the village of Galesburg, waked up a blacksmith and employed him to set a couple of horse-shoes. It was Sunday, and the blacksmith, being a professor of religion, refused to do the work unless he could get double price for it. He thought it wrong to work on Sunday, probably; but if he could get well paid for a job he was willing to risk the sin. Nichols consented to give him what he asked, and he commenced work. Whilst he was setting the shoes the company passed through the village, exciting considerable curiosity among the inhabitants. As Brother Nichols was about paying the blacksmith for the work a Presbyterian minister came up. He told the smith that he ought to charge a dollar a shoe. Said he: "these are Mormons; and you, who are a church member, have been shoeing this Mormon's horse

on Sunday; and you ought to be brought before the church for doing it." Hearing this from his priest the blacksmith demanded two dollars for his work, instead of the one he agreed to take. Nichols handed him one dollar. The priest told him he ought not to take it—that Joseph (he called him Joe Smith) was an impostor, and ought to be hung. The smith took the dollar, however, but demanded more; upon which Nichols kicked the priest on his seat of honor, mounted his horse, and left, amid the loud cheers of a number of spectators.

(To be Continued.)

For the Juvenile Instructor.

COMFORTS OF HOME.

What is it makes home sacred? Why a father's watchful care,
As he kneels before the altar and breathes the family prayer
For the loved ones gathered 'round him, for the little ones that play
On the plat before his cottage from morn till close of day.

What is it makes home pleasant? Why a mother's loving smile
When she breathes those words of comfort, "Come, dear partner, rest awhile;
Come and give us words of counsel, now your daily toil is done,
Then we'll kneel and pray together when our evening hymn is sung."

What is it makes home joyous and a paradise of love?
'Tis bright, laughing, happy faces sparkling like the stars above,
There is music in their laughter, there is light in every smile,
What would home then be without them, yes, without a living child?

JOSEPH H. GOUGH.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY JOS. H. PARRY.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 8, 9, 10, is a drink.
My 10, 2, 4, is a fish trap.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a direction on the map.
My 5, 9, 7, 8, 6, 10, 11, 12, is a State.
My whole is a State in the Union.

THE answer to the Grammatical Charade in No. 1, Vol. 4, is THEORY. We received correct answers from Edgar Howe, Alice E. Taysum, John Q. Cannon, Charilla E. Browning, Milly Callister, Charles Denney and E. I. Barfoot.

Of all on earth to be loved and kindly cared for, the aged are first deserving.

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